THE PLACE OF HAPPINESS. rom the Portuguese of Anthero de In dreams an errant knight I seem to be: Through deserts, under suns, by night obscure, Love's paladin. I search for eagerly The enchanted house of Happiness secure:

But now I'm faint, and worn, and like to flee, My sword is broken, and my mail unsure. . When lo! I sight it shining suddenly. In all its pomp and airy formosure!

h a loud noise the golden gates fly wide. . at faces me, o'ercome by grief, inside! deathlike quiet and darkness without hope!

#### OUT OF STEP.

EXPECTING.

Mrs. Gerry's instant and involuntary effort toward self-restraint was so far successful that she was able to say "Indeed!" in her usual tone, and as if Salome's writing to Mr. Moore were much the same as her writing to an ordinary sequaintance.

In the silence that followed the whippoorwill's

note sounded stridently melancholy. Salome clasped her hands over her head and

walked about the room. "Do you think I was wrong?" she asked at

"It is a year since you have heard from him?"

was the counter question. A year and two days."

man's heart may change so in a year," said Mrs. Gerry.

"I thought of that-I thought of that!" exclaimed Salome, her voice suddenly thrilling on the words, "but he said he should not change. He said-oh, mother, I cannot tell you what he suid that last time when he came to Augustine. You have been thinking I had forgotten; that I was adjusting myself to circumstances. Haven't you been thinking that, mother?"

"Sometimes. I am sure I have been hoping that you had adjusted yourself to circumstances,"

was the earnest reply.
"According to you," exclaimed Salome, "that is all that life is; that horrible adjustment. Now -" She started again to walk across the room Her face was so pale that the glow upon it had a "I am not going to adjust myspiritual aspect. self. I am going to live. I've been trying your way all these months. Haven't I been good? To be good, you know, mother, is to be ice, stone, iron-all those things from which a heart of flesh revolts. To-day something snapped. I was glad. I was sitting at that desk in the school-house where I am to work. There were ink and paper there. I wrote a line to Mr. Moore. I addressed it to the firm. He said he could always hear, wherhe was, in that way. When I left the place I mailed the letter. It has gone by this time. It may be in his hands by to-morrow morning; or he may be travelling."

Salome's words came so fast that she appeared breathless when she had finished speaking. She seemed to radiate hope and eager life.

Mrs. Gerry sat in entire contrast to her daughter. Her motionless position was in itself something like a reproof. "What did you write?" she asked.

"Oh, I did not need to write much. I simply said that I had changed my mind. That was all."

"But why have you changed your mind?" was the inexorable question. "Why? Good heavens! Mother, why do we

choose happiness rather than misery?" The girl stood gazing at the figure sitting in

the chair. "As for me," she went on quickly, "I think I have borne it a good while; don't you think so, mother?"

Mrs. Gerry leaned forward and took her daughter's hand, attempting to draw the girl down into her arms. But Salome resisted, explaining that she must move, must walk, that she

could not keep still. Mrs. Gerry did not lose sight of the main point But nothing is altered since you would not listen to him," she said; "all is just as it was. You are the same girl. Nothing can be altered, from the very nature of things. Why did you go through this year of suffering? Why did you make Mr. Moore suffer, since now you change

Oh, how reasonable you are, mother!" eried Salome, "and what a thing it is to be reasonable! eve had enough of it. I have had more than twelve months stuffed full of pure reasonsbleness. I have lain down and risen up in reason, and supped and drank reason. Mother, I let myself be alive again. And to be alive is to love Randolph Moore so much that, like you, I regret my year of being conscientious. What a foolish thing it is to be conscientious! I have lost all those weeks and months out of my life just by that making believe to have a conscience. I give it all up. Who was that girl who had a soul when she began to love, or did she cease to have a soul as soon as she loved? It makes difference. Oh; mother! Do you think he will come soon? Do you remember his face as I do? The look in his eyes? You always liked bim. Bless you for that! But who could help I hope he will get my note directly. I hope he is not away. Now I have written I wonder so much that I did not write long ago.

As that last cry left her lips Salome sank down on her knees by her mother's side and pressed her face into the folds of her mother's gown. began to sob in that violent, reckless fashion which reveals how intolerable has been a pre-

vious restraint. Mrs. Gerry bent over and encircled the girl her arms, not saying anything, only making inarticulate murmur of endearment and sooth-

What she was thinking was that it had all been for nothing, worse than nothing. And ne must have suffered even more than the mother had guessed.

The elder woman was tempted to try to warn the girl to be ready to meet the changes that a year might have made in Moore. And Moore had been sent away at the last with absolutely no hope, so far as he could gather hope from Salome had said. She had been on a pinnacle of resolve and sacrilice. Rather than danger the happiness of her lover she persisted. And she had some kind of an idea that suffering would atone for that crime of forgery. Not that

she could bring home to herself any sense of repentance. But to suffer might atone; to suffer deeply and continuously. How should she know that suffering never atoned, that nothing atones for the past?

At last Salome looked up. She pressed her hair back with both hands.

"Now that I have written," she said, "I know

that every minute I have lived since I saw him was only a minute that was leading up to the time when I must write. If you love, nothing elso seems worth while, mother."

The pale, sensitive face was so changed with

on that Mrs. Gerry, looking down at it, had urrence of the old sharp anxiety concerning her daughter's physical welfare. She did not speak, for she was afraid that she could not

In spite of her penetrative love, Mrs. Gerry had not suspected how liable Salome was to this outbreak. She had come to believe that the girl been calm, or at least that she was becoming "reconciled" was the word Mrs. Gerry used in thinking of the matter. It seemed to her that she was thinking of the matter continually. netimes she felt that her judgment was no longer reliable. She sat there now with her hands on her daughter's shoulders, feeling as if she were ought face to face afresh with a difficulty with

which she could not grapple. She sat silent, grave, not trying to re-nd in words to anything Salome had said. foresaw suffering and trouble. But she knew

the mother thought.

"Haven't you anything to say to me, mother?" Salome asked this after the silence had continued for many moments. "You think that I ought not to have written."

Mrs. Gerry sat upright. "I think more than anything that you are a human being, and must take matters into your own hands. It seems to me that you sent Mr. Moore away under the same conditions which are in force now that you recall him."

Salome flung out her hands. "Yes, yes!" exclaimed. "But I can bear it no longer. I have been too scrupulous. I said to myself I would be a New-England girl. I would act like your daughter. But I give all that up "-another gesture of the hands-"yes, I am going to do come crawling on his matrow bones finally, so
I could scorn him. Oh, wouldn't it be fun?

Nely bent over and began scrubbing with great
force. She had a very uncertain feeling as to
whether Salome had been crossed in love or not,
She thought not, however, for she could not conceive that any young man should not be willing
to give his eyes for her favor. with my life as I will, as you say. I thrust the past behind me. He knows what I am; what I have done. He begged me to let him know if I changed my mind. But I told him he must expect nothing-nothing."

"Salome, listen to me," said Mrs. Gerry with a compelling emphasis in her voice; "when a man absolutely expects nothing he gives up hopinghe looks elsewhere."

What is that you are saying?"

Salome had risen. She now turned quickly as she spoke, and there was a shrillness in her tones. "Ch, my child!" exclaimed Mrs. Gerry, "don't hope too much.

part.
On the following Monday Salome went to her school duties. She gayly kissed her mother, who followed her into the dooryard, and watched her walking away with that swift, easy gait which was characteristic of her now she was well.

Now that Moore had not come immediately Salome knew that he was on one of his business trips and she could not know when to expect him, or rather she could not help expecting him all the time. But she said nothing more about him. She went every morning down the solitury high road toward the village. And her mother said nothing. She could not help going to the end of the garden which overlooked the steep hill along which her daughter descended on her way to her work. She would watch the girl there, furtively watch, lest Salome might turn round and see her and imagine that she was anxious. " But I cannot hope too much. When Mr. Moore came that last time to see me I knew his heart, his very heart. Oh, no, I cannot hope too

Mrs. Gerry's lips closed in a way that showed that she would say no more.

Salome continued moving about the room in a restless manner, her face glowing, her eyes dilated and full of light. At last she was ready for bed. But she did not think of sleeping. She put her hand under her cheek and lay looking out into the dusk of the summer night, listening with far-away thoughts to the sounds made by the in-

She was following her letter to Moore, going e step of the way with it until the moment when it came into the young man's hands. She saw him read it-the one line which was all she had written-she imagined the look which would come into his face. knew his face so well. How ignorant her mother was to think it necessary to warn her against disappointment! Did she not know Randolph Moore better than any one else could

next few days trying to get settled in the little house they had hired. Salome worked like one for whom everything was glorified. She kept count of the hours with eager accuracy.

When the time came that her letter should be in Moore's hands, the subtle excitement upon her was almost unbearable. But she kept telling herself that he might be away-he was travelling

"S'lome simps to be a good deal more facultied n she used to be, somehow," remarked Mrs. Scudder to Mrs. Gerry, as the two women were laying a straw matting in the very small south chamber of the Ledge house.

Both Mrs. Scudder and her daughter Nely were giving up a day to helping the Gerrys to get settled in their new home. This was done at Nely's instigation, and the school-girl was at this moment scrubbing the kitchen floor, and occasionally lifting herself upright on her knees to look at Salome, who was washing a window in the came room.

Suddenly Nely gave a short laugh. Salome turned with a question in her movement,

"Ain't it funny?" exclaimed Nely, and she went on laughing. Then in a moment she continued: "To think that anybody should ever say you'd been disappointed, Salome Gerry. If 'twas any other girl in the world I shouldn't think so

strange. "I've just as good a right to be disappo as any one," was the response. And then Salome's laugh was joined to her companion's.

"Jest hear um," said Mrs. Scudder, on the above. And she added that it really did seem wonderful that Salome could wash winders jest like any other girl. 'N' she had as much faculty about it as she, Mrs. Scudder, had herself. "She even borrowed my wooden skewer 't I saved from our last roastin' piece of meat, to dig out the corners with. Now, I do think it's a mighty good sign as to what kind of a housekeeper you be, if you use them wooden skewers to dig out like them skewers. They go into the corners, 'm' yet they don't scratch. I ain't a might afraid to use um on my parlor winders. Yes," reflect. ively pausing, with a hammer in her hand, "skewers is a real good sign."

Mrs. Gerry was measuring round a beam and trying to fit the matting. She remarked explanatorily that Salome's having been sick so much when she was growing up had made difference in her knowing how to do things. But she had always been willing to work.

"I don't know what I should have done with-

in this sentence. She was thinking of the heart-aches and the anxieties her daughter had brought her, and that she could bear them all for the sake of the love Salome showed her.

"Of course you don't," responded Mrs. Scudder's gentle, comforting tones. "I do believe this mattin' 's goin' to run short somehow. If there is a bare place, less have it under the bed. Jest hear Nely go on," as Nely's laugh sounded up the open stairway. "She's jest kinder bewitched with your S'lome. I do believe she'd do anything in the world for her."

Hearing those words Mrs. Gerry suddenly paused in her work. She turned her face aside, lest there should be some visible change upon it She had not thought of that-of Salome's influence. How strange that she had not thought of that! And the girl was to be assistant at the High School and be associated with young people who would look to her more or less. That personal charm which belonged to her daughter would have its effect. But underlying that charm there should be what Mrs. Gerry had always called "principle." There was nothing else really worth while. And Salome had not principle. She had tenderness, kindness, love, a strong, in gividual attraction. This latter her mother could not feel as others might feel it.

But the woman who unclosed the door in response to Moore's knock did not reveal traces of excitement.

The moment the door was opened the young man mechanically took off his hat and stepped into the little entry. He put out his hand, looking with some entreaty at his companion.

When Mrs. Gerry, after a percentible hesitation, put her hand in his Moore suddenly bent down and kissed her check. His eyes were visibly full of tears, but the tears did not fall and they were gone immediately.

The two went into the sitting-room, which seemed confusedly to Moore not much larger than the entry, and as if he could not move in it. He pushed forward a chair, and when Mrs. Gerry land seated herself he could not move in the pushed forward a chair, and when Mrs. Gerry land seated herself he could not move in the poshed forward a chair, and when Mrs. Gerry land seated herself he could not move in the pushed forward a chair, and when Mrs. Gerry land seated herself he could not move in it. He pushed forward a chair, and when Mrs. Gerry land seated herself he could not move in the searce expected that Moore should be changed in person. Merely the passing of a year does not materially alter a man who is not yet thirty.

Directly she saw him Mrs. Gerry felt the old attraction come to the front again. His face had a somewhat thinner contour, otherwise it was just the same.

It appeared not to be easy for either to speak at first. There was an air of expectancy about Moore. Mrs. Gerry rose to her feet, leaving the matting unfitted. She did not know why she rose. She only knew she was possessed with a desire to hinder in some way something which Salome might do if she were with young people. How long would it be before Nely Scudder, for instance, began to suspect that Salome did not have the necessary regard for the truth for its own sake Not that Salome ever told glaring lies, or not often. But she would sometimes slide over things in what seemed to her mother the most unaccountable, reprehensible, way.

in what seemed to her mother the most unaccountable, reprehensible way. Not to shield herself, but to make things pleasanter.

Not until this moment had Mrs. Gerry realized the terrifying fact that she herself was becoming less and less horrified by this proclivity of Salome's. Living day after day with one so dear to her as this only child, with one so lovable and so winning, the enormity of the way Salome had of dealing with truth did not impress her with such insistently vital force as it ought.

The mother was sure of that now. She ought not to have allowed Salome to take that position at the High School. It was true that she had not been consulted by her daughter, who had acted suddenly and hurriedly in the matter.

Mrs. Gerry's conscience sprang up alert and alarmed.

alarmed.
"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Scudder look-

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Scudder looking up and speaking with a tuck in her mouth, "Did you pound your thumb? I 'most always pound my thumb 'fore I git a carpet down, though mattin' ain't so hard on thumbs quite."

Mrs. Gerry immediately crouched again into position to resume her work. She said that she had been thus far saved from pounding herself. And she explained no further.

Below stairs, while Salome twisted her along

had been thus far saved from pounding herself.
And she explained no further.
Below stairs, while Salome twisted her cleaning cloth about the point of her skewer. Nely again asked her companion if she ever really had been disappointed. In Nely's eyes to be disappointed must be an experience which, though perhaps painful, must still be something to distinguish one for all one's remaining life. Next to a prossure that the same twice the sam

ness, looking forward inconsistently, groundlessly, perous love an unprosperous love would be the

perous love an unprosperous love would be the thing to know.

"And did you really have a beau down there in Florida, Salome?"

The elder giri flashed a quick look at Nely, who was sitting back on her heels with her mop dripping in her hands.

"It isn't good taste to talk about one's lovers—not that I had lovers," answered Salome.

"Oh, dear!" cried Nely, slapping her mop on the floor. "But I do wish you'd rell me if you were crossed in love. Sometimes I just almost wish I could be crossed in love, it must make one feel so important. Don't you think so? To be round with a long face, you know, and go into corners and weep; and to pine away just as if you were cating state penells and cloves, but knowing all the time it wasn't slate penells and cloves, but comy just love I declare, it must be splendid. Only just love I really died I should want to take a turn and get weil and curt up my lip in scorn when my beau came crawling after me to make it all up. I should certainly want him to come crawling on his marrow bones finally, so I could searn him. Oh, wouldn't it be fun?"

the give his eyes for her favor.

The house-leaning below stairs went on with unnecessary fury for some time.

Above, the matting was at last spread with an accompaniment of gentle, amiable talk on Mrs. Scudder's, and a serious silence on Mrs. Gerry's

And as the days went on until they becam

see them, the visit was material for almost never

see them, the visit was material for a seek conding conversation.

Mrs. Gerry's forchead had a deep line down the middle of it. But there was no line on the girl's forchead. She grew serious of face, agit there came a thoughtful, wondering droop to the cerners of her mouth. And the clear paleness of her skin increased. She conversed a good deal about her papils and the characteristics of a few to whom she felt attached. She studied algebra in the little time there was after the lamp was lighted, when the long twilight was over. She continued to be amiable. She looked openly at her mother but her mother avoided her glance

continued to be amable. She looked openly at her mother, but her mother avoided her glanes as if she had something to conceal.

A bitterness began to grow in Mrs. Gerry's heart. Self-controlled as she had tried to be all her life, she found it now strangely difficult

from the sight of those birds. She was alraid that she also was growing superstitions. It was the end of the fourth week and Moore had given no word. Already the hot sun and the intensely blue heavens gave token that the meridian of the summer had come, that the season was ripening and that some time it would fade. "Even if he had been in Europe he ought by this to pake some size.

on make some sign."

Mrs. Gerry in this fourth week was continually saying these words to herself as she went about her work, or when she took those walks to the corner of the road that led to the station.

She did not notice that Salome ever looked in

She did not notice that Salome ever looked in the direction of that corner.

In this week the woman rose in the night and moved noiselessly to the door of her daughter's room which the girl kept shut. Formerly this door had been allowed to remain open.

The mother would stand motionless, her white, straight form dimly outlined.

But her keen ears never heard any sound in the girl's room. Once Mrs. Gerry put her hand softly on the latch. She felt as if she must open the door and see Salome. But she restrained herself. At last she crept back to her bed again.

Mrs. Gerry always endeavored not to bewail work to have a deavored not to be a service of the standard recall in the

Mis. berry always endeavored not to bewall what had happened, what was beyond recall in the past. But now she could not help exclaiming many times a day in her solitary work:

"If she only had not written! It she only had let what is gone rest! Now how can she bear it? How can she hear it? He is like other men. He has consoled himself, as he had a right to do. Yes, he has consoled himself. That makes everything simple. Since nothing has changed, Salome should not have written."

It was in vain for Mrs. Gerry to condemn herself for being so excited. There was nothing left for her but Salome and Salome's life, and she felt that she had less strength to contend with unhappiness and loss for her daughter than she had had when unhit piness and loss were possible in her own individual destiny.

But the woman who unclosed the door in re-sponse to Moore's knock did not reveal traces of

st. There was an air of expectancy about Moore, a stood at attention. While he now looked at a companion he yet seemed not to see her.

"She is well?" he asked finally.

Yes."

Yes."

threw back his shoulders and took a long

of bitter, painful inquiry.
to question every foot of

the following Monday Salome went to be

silent. It was Moore himself who now made the remark that he had received the note nearly three Reverse ago. Traving said this, he no longer tried to be quiet.

weeks ago.

Taving said this, he no longer treat to the gazed ite turned and walked to the window. He gazed through it in silence before he asked,

"When will she come?"
There was something in Moore's voice as he put that question that made Mrs. Gerry suddenly start that question the start of the sta

hat one-ton that may go to his side. He turned and he two looked at each other. The woman found t hard to meet the passionate wistfulness in the nan's eyes.
"When will she come?" he presently repeated.
"Not for three hours yet, not until the aftertion session is over; and often she stays with
one of the scholars."
Moore took out his watch as he heard this an-

"It would not do for me to go to the school?" Oh, no. You see her time is not her own dur-

ing the session."

"And I must wait three hours?"

Mrs. Gerry nedded. She had in mind the fact that he had already waited a good many days since he had received Salome's note. To wait still longer might be possible then. She did not put this thought in words, but Moore exclaimed:

"I know what you are thinking, and I can't blame you. But I have had a fight; yes, I have had a fight; fight."
turned abruptly away again and renewed

He turned obruptly away again and renewed his restless movements about the room. His face was gradually becoming deeply flushed.

Mrs. Gerry did not ask for any particulars concerning the struggle he had just mentioned. But she was so deeply interested that it was difficult not to show that interest. She had resumed her cent when Moore had begun to walk. Her eyes followed him persistently. It was so strange to see him again—so strange, and yet his presence immediately seemed so familiar and so dear. Mrs. Gerry was obliged to own that his presence was very dear to her. In spite of the keen perplexity of the moment the woman was conscious of that sense of comfort and pleasure which she had known before when with Moore. She would have said that it did her heart good to be near him.

He came back and looked down at her intently. "Tell me," he suddeatly broke out, "has she suffered?"

suffered?"

Mrs. Gerry hesitated. Her instinct sprang up
to shield her daughter. Still, why shield her from
this man who loved her and had came back to her?

"Why don't you speak?" cried Moore. "Are
you atraid of hurting me? Ferhaps she has not
taged so very much, after all. I wish you would
toll me."

tell me."

"She must have cared, since she has written to you," said the mother. "But she has been very brave—wonderfully brave."

"Well, then," with an indescribable movement of the head and shoulders, "that is more than I can say. I haven't been buye. I've been a miserable coward. I have thought a thousand times that life was not worth the living without hear. I have resisted until resistance was louthtimes that life was not worth the hyang without her. I have resisted until resistance was leathsome to-me. How I have hated the weeks and the months because I couldn't hope that they would bring me to her! But I didn't seek her. I obeyed her. I tell you. Mrs. Gerry, a man is a tool who obeys a woman when she tells him to keep away from her. But Salome was so earnest: she took it as an affair of morality, and I thought I must do as she sa'd. I wish I had come back to her a hundred times; anything rather than to baye done as I have done. You see, a man has to

baye done as I have done. You see, a man has to live all his life just to find out how to live."
"What have you done?" Mrs. Gerry asked this the instant there was a break in her companion's terrent of words. Moore leoked at her in silence. Twice he ap-ared to 5e about to burst forth into speech ain, but he did not. At last he said with com-

"What have I done? I have gone right or loy-or Salome. You surely can forgive me for doing

hat, can't you?"

He looked at his watch again. He went to the indow and gazed out over the fields.

"It's a long time to wait," he sail, as if speaking to himself. Then presently he added that he could stroll about the country. He would meet alone when she came from school. Which way

values when she came from school. Which way dealed he go?

Maving received his instructions he left the fouse. Mrs. Gerry watched him until he disanceared in the birch thicket of the adjoining field. Then she patiently returned to her housework, onscious of a dim kind of thankfulness that she ad work to do and strength with which to do it. But she was not able to resist the tempatition to ook repeatedly down the hill toward the school course, and to look and look long before it was ime for the school to close.

"How childish I am:" she exclaimed about on every visit to the end of the garden. Est within two minutes she would repeat that visit.

Once as she stood there a light open bugsy, frawn by a swift powerful horse, came randly doog. The animal was pulled in suddenly. There was only one occupant of the carriage. Walter held. At the first glance at him Mrs. Gerry almost thought that he had been drinking; his face as a dark trimson, his eyes having a red look in them.

as a dark crimson, his eyes having a red look

He rested the hand that held the reins on one knee and spoke in his usual fashion.
"Did you know Moore was round here?" he Mrs. Gerry nodded. She had a certain sense of

car upon her, like bodily fear. She thought it cas curious that she should at that moment recall the newspaper paragraphs of murders in lonely notry places.
"Did Solome expect him?" was Redd's next

Put, Walter," eagerly began Mrs. Gerry, "don't

"I know you told me so. Of course you'll shield him. There's something about him that took me in, too. I don't expect but what you think it wasn't his fault. But I wish he'd kent away from here. I do wish that Salome might have kind of settled down and got reconcile! And here be comes again. By George! I wish he hadn't come!"

he has consoled himself. That makes everything simple. Since nothing has changed, Salone should not have written."

These words repeated themselves so many times in Mrs. Gerry's mind that she almost thought she was possessed by them. She was impelled to say them to Salone, but she would not.

Finally it was to the two women who so loved each other as if they were living in an exhausted receiver, where they could not breathe freely. At least it seemed so to the elder of the two. And it was ominous of she knew not what that Salone should choose to be so silent. Of course it was a phase that would soon pass.

At last in the fifth week, as Mrs. Gerry was saying, "Of course he has consoled himself," she looked up from the dishes she was washing through the little window over the sink. She saw Moore coming along the road where she had so often walked to meet him. He was coming anickly, and yet she thought there was no engerness in his aspect. He was so far away that she might easily layer been mistaken as to his identity. But she knew that she was not mistaken.

She drew her hands from the dishwater and wiped them on the roller towel, her eyes fixed all the time upon that figure which grew more and more familiar.

It was in vain for Mrs. Gerry to condemn herselt for being so excited. There was nothing left for her but Salome and Salome's life, and she felt that Redd did not raise his voice, but he spoke more and more rapidly. He did not wait for any re-ply. He shook the lines on the horse's back. The

animal sprang forward.
"Walter! Walter!" cried Mrs. Gorry
Put Redd apparently did not hear. He d

(To be continued.)

REPAIRING AN OCEAN CABLE. From the New-Orleans Times-Democrat.

It has always been a matter of speculation and

It has always been a matter of speculation and wonder to most people as to how a murine cable once broken in midocean is ever got together again. The explanation is this: First, it must be known that the cable practically rests everywhere on the bottom of the sen. Of course there are piaces where smiden deep places coming between shallow ones will cause the cable to make a spon as over a ravine or guilt. In other places the ocean is so deep that the cable finds its specific gravity somewhere in midwater, so to speak. In that case it rests quite as firmly as if it were on solid ground.

When a break occars the first step, of course, is to accurately locate its position. A conductor such as a calle offers a certain amount of obstruction or "resistance" to the passage of an electric current. Apparains has been devised for the measuring of this "resistance." The unit of resistance cable it, roughly speaking, three olms per nautical mile. Resistance practically ceases at the point where the conductors make considerable contact with the water. Therefore, if when measuring to locate a break it be found that the measuring apparatus indicates a resistance of 900 ohms the position of the fault will be known to be 300 miles from shore.

With this information the captain of the repairing ship is able to determine by his charts of the course of the cable, the latitude and longitude of the spet where the break occurred, and can proceed with certainty to effect the repair. When the approximate neighborhood of the track is reached a graphel is dropped overboard and the vessel steams slowly in a course at right angles to the run of the cable. On the deck of the ship there is a machine called a dynometer, which, as its name implies, is used to measure resistance. The rope securing the graphel has canghit the cable, it, on the other hand, the resistance warles from nothing to tons and from tons to nothing again, it is known that the graphel is only engaging rocks or other projections of an uneven bottom. It is frequently necessar

From The Chicago Tribune.

breath.
"I was afraid," he began, and then hesitated,
"I was afraid she might be ill.".
Mrs. Gerry shook her head.
"Where is she?" Her given name was Marietta. I never knew her other name. I never shall forget the first time I saw her, and I saw a good deal of her, too, since she was nearly in the condition of Charles G. Leland's girl of the Khine, 'who had nodings on.' I had some special business with Dewing one morning, and called at his studio. The door opened very cautiously for a few finehes, and the artist appeared at the entrance with pelette in hand. "Oh, 'he said when he saw who it was, "I wanted to see you. Come right in. Marietta is posing. But we can talk while I work. She won't care." I remained ten minutes, and during the whole time not one muscle did the girl change and not one glance did she bestow on him. A week later I called at the studio again, and again he asked me in, saying: "Marietta is here again, and I know she won't care this time." On this occasion I saw a charmingly dressed girl cating bread and houter that Charlotte herself might not have spread more gracefully, it being both her inneheon and resting hour. I could scarcely refrain from laughing out-right when Dewing introduced me to her, and once afterward I remember asking him why he did not introduce me the first time we met; but if he saw the humor of it he must have buried it under his artistic dignity, as he instantly changed the subject." Mrs. Gerry shook her head.

"Where is she?"

Moore's nir of attention increased, and it was plain that he was trying to conceal the evidence of the intensity of his interest.

"She is at school. She is assistant."

Mrs. Gerry was glad that she could be allowed a chance to speak commonplace words.

"She is able to work?" in surprise.

"She is able to work?" in surprise.

"Certainly: she is well." Mrs. Gerry answere!, Moore made a slight movement as if he would wilk across the room, but he restrained the impulse and remained standing in the same position.

Afterward Mrs. Gerry in thinking of him wondered how any one so without motion could yet give so vivid an impression of intense life. There was no longer any lack of eagerness about him. But Mrs. Gerry could not tell why the eagerness was, is it were, under protest. Mrs. Gerry wished to say that it was some time go that Salome had written; but she remained

### IN THE PARIS WHIRL.

THE BARRICADES-THE PARTIES OF ORDER AND RIOT-HONOR TO DE LESSEPS-WRITERS REFUSE TO ENTER POLITICS.

Paris, July 10.

After a very exciting week, which has given us omething to talk about, and caused us to congratulate ourselves on having delayed our departure for the seaside, Paris has once more reumed its wonted aspect. All the shops are open again, omnibuses are plying as usual, and the pro prietors of cafes and restaurants have set out tables and chairs in front of their establishments, the surest indication that peace and quiet have been restored. To those of the younger generation to whom the stories of the barricades and of the street warfare during the Commune and at the time of the Coup d'Etat partook of the nature of mere legends, the recent troubles served to bring home the fact that over and above all the various rival political factions in France there are two great parties, one of which is interested in the maintenance of order and in the safety of life and property, while the other, composed of the very dregs of the population, and led in most cases by unscrupulous foreign adventurers, is interested in fomenting popular disturbances of priate by violence the money and the luxuries for which they are disinclined to work. It is perhaps due to this consideration that even so turbulent a politician as M. Deroulede has announced his intention of abandoning his opposition to the Government and of withdrawing altogether from political life for several years and devoting himseld It is difficult to appreciate the precise imper-

tance of the recent disturbances. For while, on one hand, they were of sufficiently serious a nature to cause the Government to reinforce our garrison to the extent of 20,000 men, while kiosks, tramway cars and omnibuses have been burned, barricades constructed and the police In exceptionally choice Deforced to use their swords in charging the mob yet on the other hand there has been a certain in the fact that a very large proportion of our classes, appeared to look upon the disturbances as amusement. In fact, our peaceable citizens and their families seemed to think that there was no flocking to the scene of the riots. All the windows and balconies in the neighborhood of the disturbtion that the expense of arming the populace Saint Denis with small arms and of practically making revolvers a compulsory institution, should e defrayed out of the municipal treasury, met with objections solely on economical grounds, and

The action of the Board of the Sucz Canal Company in re-electing old Ferdinand de Lesseps as President meets with universal approval and connever be able to do any work again, or take part in the deliberations of the council. Not a word of protest has been heard against his re-election, not even by the unfortunate stockholders of the other, have all along been inclined to pity rather than to condemn the man who will still retain, notwithstanding all that has passed, the sobri-

lighted and interested with her trip. The children of the Princess, who had remained during her absence in the United States at the Hotel Campsell, instead of as usual with their grandmother, accompanied their parents, the Princess being greatly relieved to find them in such perfect health. The pleasant things which the Infanta particular about Chicago, form a pleasing contrast to the sour comments of M. Octave Uzanne, who has been doing the World's Fair for the Figure." Nothing appears to have found grace in his eyes, and he sums up Chicago in the following unfriendly paragraph:

"The course of daily life at the exhibition, its

wearying promenades without any halting places for idling or resting, the bitter north winds that blow from moment to moment with incalculable impetuosity, find no compensation in the delights of cocktails, which one amuses one's self by gulping down standing in the company of one's friends at the principal bars of Michigan-ave. Neither the daily banquets wherein music fails to conceal deficiencies or to drown the din of brutal drunkenness, nor the ballads in the peculiar quarters of the town, nor the theatres, curious and comfortable as they are, arouse any such genuine and haunting regrets as might counterbalance in the least the sense of joy that takes possession of the

traveller on quitting Chicago."

Such descriptions as these are greatly to be regretted, since the Frenchman is not by inclination a traveller, preferring to remain at home and to derive his information concerning foreign countries from what he reads in the newspapers, among the most popular and authoritative of which is, assuredly, the "Figaro."

Among the marriages of the last week has been that of Mile. Sabine de Wendel, daughter of the wealthy mine proprietor of that name, to the Viscount Louis de la Panouse. The ceremony was celebrated at the Church of Saint Philippe du Roule, the bride being escorted to the altar by her brother-in-law, the young Duke of Maille, and her uncle; while M. de la Panouse had as best man his cousin, Count de la Panouse and the Colonel de Waru. The soirce du contrat and the exhibition of the presents took place on Saturday at the Wendel mansion in the Rue Paul Boderie. The bride appeared in a gown of pink peau de soie, trimmed with flounces of pink silk muslin and bunches of pink roses, the bodice also of pink peau de soie coming to a long point in front with similar trimmings. Among the many costly presents was a marble statue repre-senting Godet's "Reve" from the Wendel miners, a silver-gilt tea service from the Duke and Duchess of Tamames, and a superb necklace of five rows of huge pearls from the parents of the bride. The corbeille de mariage included some priceless Zibelines furs as well as numerous jewels

So many American tourists have stayed at the Hotel Meurice in the Rue de Rivoli here that I am sure there are many of the readers of The Tribune who will be pained to hear of the death of its proprietor and manager, M. Scheurich, who for more than a quarter of a century has catered to the tastes and comfort of all the most distinguished foreigners who came to Paris. M. Scheurich was originally a courier, and, like so many of our hotelkeepers here, a Swiss by nationality. The Meurice was already a celebrated hostelry during the reign of Napoleon I and during the occupation by the allied armies after the battle of Waterloo, and it has so long been the headquarters of the best class of English-men and Americans that great regret will be felt



OFFER MONDAY, JULY 24TH. THE FOLLOWING

## SPECIAL VALUES

IN TURKISH DEPARTMENT.

150 TURKISH RUGS, . . \$2.75 ea 350 DAGHESTAN RUGS, . . 7.50 " 300 DAGHESTAN RUGS, . 10.00 "

400 PERSIAN RUGS, . . . 5.00 " 300 BAGDAD PORTIERES. Used also for Couch Covers.

Five stripes wide, . . 4.75 ea.

ALSO A NEW INVOICE OF

20 Bales

Japanese Hand-made

# Rugs & Carpets,

signs and Colorings.

1.6x3 feet. 75c. 6x 9 feet, \$6.75 3x6 feet. . \$2.00 8x10 feet, 10.00 9x12 feet, 13.50 2.6x5 feet, 2.50 4x8 feet, . 4.00 12x15 feet, 22.50



Complete Assortment of Sizes

### TURKISH SLIPPERS At 65c. pr.

if M. Scheurich's death leads to its disappearance

if M. Scheurich's death read as a hotel, as has been predicted.

The fact is that we are losing far too many of these old landmarks. Nearly all the old cafes and famous restaurants have vanished and the context who derives his preconceived. of these old landmarks. Nearly all the old cafes and famous restaurants have vanished and the American tourist who derives his preconceived notions about Paris from books of travel of twenty and thirty years ago will look in vain for such places as "Les Trois Freres Povenceaux," Brebant, Very, Tortoni, the Cafe Procope and a score more that I could mention. Bigmon has, I believe, retired from the management and proprietorship of the Cafe Riche, which is now understood to be in the hands of a stock commany, while the of the Cafe Riche, which is now understood to be in the hands of a stock company, while the Cafe Anglais, after having been brought down from its former lofty eminence by a similar asso-ciation, is now endeavoring to recover its old reputation under the guidance of one of the most famous of the younger generation of Parisian chefs. For the last ten years it has been under the control of a group of financiers who were accustomed to congregate in "Le Grand Seize" at noontime, and who included among their numaccustomed to congregate in "Le Grand Seizer at noontime, and who included among their num-ber the late Baron Reinach and his intimate friend and associate, Count Raphael Cahen d'Anvers. Unfortunately, the taste of this consortum of financiers was in matters culinary not as delicate course of which they dined at the Spanish Embassy and lunched at the Palais de Castille with old Queen Isabella, the Infanta Eulalie and her husband have left for Madrid, being accompanied to the railroad terminus by the members of the Spanish Embassy and a large number of friends, to whom the Princess expressed herself as delighted and interested with her tale of the Spanish Embassy and a large number of friends, to whom the Princess expressed herself as delighted and interested with her tale of the Spanish Embassy and a large number of friends, to whom the Princess expressed herself as delighted and interested with her tale of the Spanish Embassy and a large number of friends, to whom the Princess expressed herself as delighted and interested with her tale of the Spanish Embassy and a large number of friends, to whom the Princess expressed herself as delighted and refined as could have been desired, a fact due probably to their German and Flemish origin, and the result was that the cuisine of the Cate Anglais loss the celebrity which it formerly held among true gournets for the perfection of its fare. Almost the only restaurant that still continues to hold its own is that of Voisin in the Faubourg Saint Honore, which is renowned not only for the superlative excellence of its cuisine, but also of its wines, and it is thence that the Prince of Wales invariably sends for his liquid refreshments when sojourning at the Hotel Bristol here.

Hotel Pristol here.

So much success has attended the existence of those two American clubs, if I may be permitted to use the expression, which were founded in 1890, that the English residents in Paris are endeavoring to organize similar institutions. The bright, homelike little club of the American Art Association in the Boulevard Montparnasse, supplies to its members not only a charming recreation ground and reading-room, a music salon and a smoking and fencing room, but also a capital diamer. The other American club, organized for the benefit of women students, is situated in the Rue Vavin, includes music, tea and reading rooms and is open to all American women students, without subscriptions, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night. Tea is served every afternoon without charse, and on Sunday evening the Rev. Mr. Newell, who with his wife manages the club, conducts there a religious service, which is rendered particularly attractive by the assistance of some of the American music students here.

An imposing funeral service was held yesterday

rendered particularly attractive by the assistance of some of the American music students here.

An imposing funeral service was held yesterday at the Church of Saint Philippe du Roule, in honor of the late Duke of Uzes, and among those present I noticed his brother and successor, the present Duke, who has hitherto borne the title of Count of Crussol, and who is serving in the army as an officer of cuirassiers, his brother-in-law, the Duke of Luynes, the Dukes of Montmorency, Noailles, Ayen, Mailley Doudeauville and Rochefoucauld, the Prince of Poix, the Russian Ambassador and Prince Henry of Orleans. The church was most impressively draped with black hangings, adenued with silver representations of the Uzes cout of arms. The service was remarkable for the number of Bonapartists and Republican statesmen and officials who attended as a token of respect to the young Duke, whose death seems to have excited universal regret, even among those whose political opinions are diametrically opposed to those of his fancily. Thus, the Minister of Marine was represented by his Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, while the Empress Engenie, although in no wise acquainted with the Duchess of Uzes, instructed Prince Murat to lay a wreath for her on the catafalque. She also sent a telegram to the Duchess in which she stated: "I sympathize with you in your great srief, although I do not know you. As mothers we have expirienced the same anxieties, followed by the same sortows. It is in Africa that our hopes have been shuttered. I wish to render homage to the young Duke, who descreted a life of Iuxury and pleasure to pursue a task worthy of his great name. May God help you! Comtesse de Pierrefonds."

No success has attended the efforts recently made to induce Emile Zola, Jean Alcard and

a task worthy of his great name. May too you! Comtesse de Pierrefonds."

No success has attended the efforts recently made to incluce Emile Zola, Jean Aicard and Jean Richepin to enter the political arena and to put forward their names as Parliamentary candidates in the now imminent general election. Zola declines by reason of his extensive literary engagements, but holds out hopes of eventually entering Parliament, saying that "after having battled by means of books" he may, in course of time "renew the fight by word of mouth." Jean Aicard refuses to represent Toulon in the Chamber on the ground that, in his opinion, a bard ought to "remain independent, favorably disposed to all general ideas, and a passionate lover of liberty. Jean Richepin contents himself with declaring that he has no vocation or inclination for polities. Yet he would be a great acquisition to the Chamber, and would certainly contribute to enliven the monotony of some of the interminable Parliamentary scances. For there is no man with whom I am acquainted who possesses a more perfect knowledge of every kind of Parliam "argot," as well as of gypsy and of mendicants slang. He learned the latter while living with a troune of travelling acrobats, and has ever since professed as kindly feeling for the vagabonds, vagrants and outcasts, proclaiming himself as their champion.

NILSSON AT THE PLAY. S

From The London Star.

Not the least interested special of Mounet Sully's Hamlet and Mile. Reichemberg's Ophelia at Drury Lane last night was Mme. Christine Nilsson, whose performance in Ambroise Thomas's opera, founded on Shakespeare's play, was one of the greatest things of its kind ever seen on the stage. The great Swedish singer, who, like Mme. Patti, has discovered the secret of perpetual youth and dignity, sat side by side with another operatic Ophelia, also a Swede—the delightfully pretty Sigrid Arnoldson.